

The most lamentable Tragedie

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

*Moore* List, a verse in *Horace*, right, you haue it,  
Now what a thing it is to be an Assle.  
Heeres no sound left, the old man hath found their gilt,  
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,  
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:  
But were our witty Empresse well a foote,  
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,  
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.  
And now young Lords, wast not a happy starre,  
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so  
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?  
It did me good before the Pallace gate,  
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

*Demet.* But me more good to see so great a Lord,  
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

*Moore* Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*,  
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

*Demet.* I would we had a thousand Romane Dames  
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

*Chiron.* A charitable wish and full of loue.

*Moore.* Heere lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

*Chiron.* And that would she fortwenty thousand more.

*Demet.* Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods  
For our beloued mother in her paines.

*Moore.* Pray to the deuils, the gods haue given vs ouer.

*Trumpets sound.*

*Dem.* Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

*Chiron.* Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

*Dem.* Soft, who comes heere?

*Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.*

*Nur.* Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you see *Aron* the

*Aron.* Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all, (Moore  
Heere

of *Titus Andronicus*,

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?

*Nurse.* Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,

Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

*Aron.* Why what a catterwalling dost thou keepe,  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

*Nurse.* O that which I would hide from heauens eyes,  
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,  
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

*Aron.* To whome?

*Nurse.* I meane she is brought a bed.

*Aron.* Wel God giue her good rest, what hath he sent her?

*Nurse.* A deuill.

*Aron.* Why then she is the Deuils Dam, a ioyfull issue,

*Nurse.* A ioyles, dismall, blacke, and sorrowfull issue,

Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,  
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,  
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

*Aron.* Zounds ye whore, is black so base a hue?  
Sweet blows, you are a beauious blossome sure.

*Deme.* Villaine what hast thou done?

*Aron.* That which thou canst not vndoe.

*Chiron.* Thou hast vndone our mother.

*Aron.* Villaine, I haue done thy mother.

*Demet.* And therein hellish dog thou hast vndone,  
Woe to her chance, and dambd her loathed choyce,  
Accurst the offspring of so foule a fiend.

*Chiron.* It shall not liue.

*Aron.* It shall not die.

*Nurse.* *Aron* it must, the mother wils it so.

*Aron.* What must it *Nurse*? then let no man but I,  
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,  
*Nurse* giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

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*Aron*